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OF

Wonderful Miracles, Ghosts and Visions.

19

Crookhorn, *January* 1. 1681.

The following account of an extraordinary Cure of the *Kings-Evil* is sent from *Crookhorn* in the County of *Somerset*,, attested by *Henry Clark* Minister of the said Parish Capt. *James Bale*, Captain *Richard Shirlock*, *John Stacky* Clerk, *William Pike*, *Samuel Daubeny*, *George Strong*, *John Greenway*, *Robert Chislet*.

WE whose Names are under written, do certifie the Truth of a Miraculous Cure of a Girl of this Town about 20 years of Age by Name Elizabeth Parcer, *a poor Widows Daughter, who had languished under the sad afflicting Distemper of the* Kings Evil, *termed the* Joint Evil, *(being said to be the worst* Evil,) *for about* 10 *or* 11 *years time; She had in her right hand four running sores,* (viz.) *one on the inside, and three on the back of her hand, and two more in the same arm, one in her hand-wrist, the other above her Elbow. She had betwixt her Armpit and Breast, a* Bunch, *which the Doctors said fed those 6 several sores; the said Distemper was likewise on her left Ey, insomuch that she was almost Blind; Her Mother despairing of her sight, and not being able to send her to* London, *to be touch'd by the* King, *being miserably poor, and having many small Children, and this Girl not being able to work: Her Mother (desirous to have her Daughter cur'd,) went to the Chyrurgeons for help, who tamper'd with it for a time, but could do no good, went likewise* 10 *or* 11 *miles to a seventh Son, but all in vain, no visible hopes of a Cure remain'd, and nothing was expected but a Grave.*

But now, in this Girls extremity, God, the great Physician, dictates unto her (thus, languishing in her miserable, hopeless condition,) what course to take, and what to do for a Cure, which was to go and touch the Duke of Monmouth, *which the Girl told her Mother, that if she could but touch the Duke, she should be well: Her Mother reproved her for her foolish conceit, But the Girl did often perswade her Mother that she might go to* Lackington *to the D.* (*who then lay at Mr.* Spekes,) *For certainly* (*said she*) I should be well if I could but touch him. *Her Mother slighted the pressing Requests of her Daughter, and the more her Mother slighted it, and reprov'd her, the more earnest was the Girl for it. In few days after the Girl having notice that Sir* Jo. Sidenham *intended to treat the* D. *at* White Lodg *in* Henton Park; *to which place this Girl with many of her Neighbours went, she being there timely, waited the Dukes coming. First, she observed the Person of the Duke, to have knowledge of him, as he was passing by, she prest in amongst the croud, and catcht him by the hand, his Glove being on, and she had a Glove likewise to cover her very sores; She not being herewith satisfied with this first attempt of touching his Glove only, but her mind was, she must touch some part of his naked flesh; She waiting his coming forth, intended a second attempt. The poor Girl thus between Hope and Fear waited his Motion, and on a sudden was News brought of the Dukes coming, which she (to be prepared) rent off her Glove that was clung to the Sores, in such haste, that she tore her Glove, and brought away not only the Sores but the Skin. The Dukes Glove, (as Providence ordered it,) the upper part hung down, so that his wrist was bare; she prest on, and catcht him by the bare hand with her running hand; saying* God bless your Greatness, *and the Duke said* God bless You. *The Girl was not a little transported with her good Success, came and told her Friends that now she should be well: She came home to her Mother with great Joy, and told her she had been toucht by the Dukes bare hand,* and that she should now be well. *Her Mother hearing what she had done, reproved her very sharply for her boldness, and askt her how she durst do any such thing? and threatned to beat her for it; She cryed out,* O Mother, I shall be well again, and be cured of my Sores; *And as God Almighty (the great Physician) would have it, (to the Admiration of all that know or hear of it;) her six running Sores in her Hand and Arm, in four or five days were dryed up; the bunch in her Breast was dissolved in* 8 *or* 10 *days, of which now is no Sign, her ey that was given for lost, is now perfectly well, and the Girl in good Health, the marks of her several Sores are yet visible in her Hand and Arm; all which hath been discovered to us both by Mother, Daughter, and Neighbours that know her.*

Whoever doubts the Truth of this Relation, may be satisfied thereof by the sight of the Original, under the Hands of the Persons above-named at the *Amsterdam Coffee-house* in St. *Bartholomew Lane, London.*

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A True Account of a Wonderful Cure *of the* Kings-Evil, *perform'd by Mrs.* F--- *Sister to his Grace the Duke of* MONMOUTH.

THE Extraordinary Cure of the *Kings-Evil*, lately performed by his Grace the D. of M. in his Western Progress, has (no doubt) alarm'd many People, and open'd the eys of the most unbelieving, to see Heaven by this Miracle proclaim a Legitimacy, and God Almighty declare for the *Black Box*. Neither has there been wanting a second Testimony to this Illustrious D's Family, in a Cure both strange and true as the former; that so according to the Apostle, *Out of the mouth of Two or Three Witnesses; every word might be established.* Mrs. *F.* Sister to this most Excellent Prince, formerly a *Roman Catholick*, but since (by the convincing Arguments, and exemplary Piety of her Husband Mr *F.* Master of the *Requests*,) brought over to his Religion, I mean the true sincere *Protestant Faith*, has been as remarkable in a wonderful Cure of the same malignant Distemper, as the D. her Brother; The truth of which whole matter of Fact, We whose Names are under-written engage our selves to be responsible for. Now the matter of Fact was thus; One *Jonathan Trott* was born of poor, but virtuous Parents, his Father was dead but his Mother that surviv'd, by the Blessing of God accompanying her honest Endeavours, had got together a Sum of Money very considerable to the Trade she drove, her chief Vocation being selling of *Apples*, *Pears*, *Oranges*, and other *Fruit*, not far from *Covent Garden* Church Door; the Intervals of which Calling she still imploy'd in being very busie with her Needle in footing Stockins, mending Breeches, and such like honest Labours. But her greatest affliction was, the sad spectacle of the poor wretch her only Son and Heir, (the forementioned *Jonathan Trott*, who had for many years been sore afflicted with a continual Running of a most noysom Matter in his Neck, and many other parts of his Body, accompanyed often with so great Tumours and Swelling about his Throat, as almost choak'd him. Upon this Son of hers, (now about the Age of 19.) she had spent the greatest part of her Livelihood, to pitiful, Quacking Ignorant Physicians such as her Purse could best procure, and such as kill the poor at the most easie and conscionable Rates: These her Doctors could never rightly inform her what was her Sons true Distemper; till at last she her self (suspecting it was the *Kings Evil,*) had the Advice of some able Physicians, as Dr *Lower*. Dr. *Minshel*, &c. who all agreed that it was the *Kings Evil*, and that he was in very great danger, unless he were very speedily touch'd. This happned to be when His Majesty was last at *Windsor*, whither she (good woman) was designing her Journey with her Son; But the night before she resolv'd on her Progress, she dreamt that she heard a Voice that commanded her Son to be Toucht by Mrs. *F.* The poor woman you may imagine, was infinitely surpriz'd at this Command never having so much as heard of such a Woman as Mrs. *F.* in her Life; But she was much more astonisht when her Son came to her, and told her that he was resolv'd not to take his Journey to *Windsor*, for that he had heard a Voice that Night 3 times successively, (which by the Description he gave of it, was the very same that his Mother had heard, and commanded the same thing,) telling him, that one Touch of Mrs. *F.* would make him whole. Upon this the poor Woman acquainted several of her Neighbours with the unusual Circumstances of her Dream, exactly concurring with her Sons; and by them was inform'd that there was such a Lady, Sister to His Grace the D. of *M.* whom they therefore all concluded to be the Person intended in the Dream, by reason of her near Relation to His Grace, and the Crown. The Youth *Jonathan* hearing this, was extreme glad, and shew'd violent signs of it, in urging and pressing his Mother as vigorously as ever he could, to procure her leave; who at first was very unwilling to let him go upon this Adventure. He still insisted upon one Argument, which even in affliction made the poor Woman smile, That (having heard of the D. of *M*'s Cure, which was known long before it was Published,) He did not know why Mrs. *F.* might not receive from her Mother the Curing of the Ills of Young Men by a Touch of her Naked Flesh, as well as the D. her Brother had from his Father

th:

the Curing of Young Women by a Touch of his. However, his Mother having check'd him for this saying, was resolv'd to send him: Accordingly he went to Mrs. F's House, near St. *James*'s, and having desir'd admission, as soon as ever Mrs. F. appeared, he fell down upon his Knees before her, begging Pardon for boldness, the occasion whereof he told her in the Relation which he made of all that had happen'd to his Mother and himself: Then grasping her hands with all the Violence and Passion imaginable, kiss'd them a Thousand times, and directed them (for the Lady was not so Uncharitable as to deny it upon any such good account,) to his Neck and his Throat, and all the other parts of his Body wherein he was afflicted; which she vouchsafed to stroke, wishing withal, that it might do him as much good as he believ'd it would. This done, she left him, and the Youth went home very well satisfy'd with the Hopes of his being very speedily Cur'd, as accordingly it succeeded; for within three or four days time his Running ceased; and in a Weeks time the Swelling in his Throat was not only abated, but perfectly and intirely Cured; And Mrs. F. by many of this Persons Neighbours and Acquaintance, (and most of the *Apple-women* about those parts,) is to this day called *Princess F.*

Now its well known, That this Gift of *Healing* was first imparted to King *Edward the Confessor*, a good King, though a *Popish Saint*, to Descend upon his *Legitimate Successors*; and if none of them ever Exercised it before they came to the Crown till now, we must either say, that they had it, but forbore the use of it, or else we must admire the excellency of the Advantages that *Protestant* Princes and *Princesses* have above those formerly that were *Papists*; Since *Protestants*, though two or three Removes from the *Crown*, can do as much with a Touch, as *Edward the Confessor*, when he was not only a *King* but a *Saint*. And now who is there that can question the *Legitimacy* of our most Excellent Prince *J. D.* of *M.* when this Remarkable Witness that Heaven hath given Him and his Sister of Curing the *Kings Evil*, pleads so loudly in his behalf?

There is but One Other Natural Argument to prove the Legitimacy of this *Prince*, and his being the True and Right *Successor*; And that is the Instinct by which *Lyons* are taught to Reverence, and to do them Homage, without ever hurting them; And This too I am told His Grace does design to shew the World in his own behalf; For it is Credibly Reported, that on *Saturday* next the D. of *M.* designs to be shut up with one of the Greatest *Lyons* in the *Tower* of *London*; There to be seen, to the great Satisfaction of all that behold how Secure He must needs be of his *Legitimacy*, that dare put it to so Dangerous a Tryal; Sir *Th. Ar.* and *J. H.* Esq; have proffered their Service to attend in the next empty Den, in Quality of Bed-chamber-men to his Grace; and the Earl of S. Farl of *E.* Lord *G.* and several other noble Peers, have engaged to Accompany Him to the Place of Tryal. For my part, I wish for the Day, not at all Doubting, but to see Old *CHARLES*, the *Kings Lyon*, give him his Blessing, by laying his Imperial Paw upon his Head, in which all *Lyons* have we know by Nature stampt the Image of a *Crown*. This I will answer for the *Lyon*; That if he do not Declare a *True Successor*, yet He will shew another sort of *Royalty*, and Remove one of the worst sorts of the *Kings Evil*.

The Persons above mentioned for Witnesses of this Extraordinary Cure, are We whose Names are subscribed.

Br. Lord *Gerard*, Col *Langley*, Mr. *Rowe*,
Sir *Gilb. Ferard*, *Th. Vernon* Esq; Mrs. *Needham*.

Advertisement.

HIS Grace to perform this Famous Tryal of Skill, *with great Magnificence and Solemnity, order'd that his Militia, the Porters, Tinkers and Chimney Sweepers and Broom-men of* London, *together with the Squires of the Body, commonly called the* Black-guard, *should be ready with the aforesaid Attendants to wait upon his Person to the place of Execution, followed with several Pageants and Artificial Devices, curiously representing the famous Adventures of ancient* Heroes, *particularly* Don Quixots *storming the Windmill for an Inchanted Castle. But before these extraordinary preparations could be compleated, the malitious Papists have spitefully poyson'd all the Lyons in the Tower, except the Dukes; whereupon his Grace is advised by his own Privy Council the Rabble, not to venture on that Lyon, but rather try the good nature of the Leopard, who they say was certainly begot by a Lyon, as his Grace by a K. and therefrre cannot but favour such pretenders to Royalty, in hopes himself may at last become K. of the Beasts.*

A true and perfect Relation of a Strange and Wonderful Apparition which appear'd to *Elizabeth FREEMAN*, at *Bishops Hatfield* in *Hartfordshire*, *Jan.* 27. 168⅘. Commanding her to declare a Message to His Majesty. As it was taken before Sir *Joseph Jordan* Kt, and *Rich. Lee* Dr. *of Divinity*, and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty.

She gives an Account

I. *THAT on* Monday *Night, being* Jan. 24*th. she sitting by her Mothers fire-side between Five and Six of the Clock in the Evening, with a Child in her Lap, she heard a Voice behind her, which mildly said* Sweet-heart: *Whereupon she turning her Face back, saw an Appearance of a Woman, as she conceived, all in White, covered with a white Vail, so that she saw no Face, but a very white Hand was laid on the Back of her Chair, and said to her,* The 15 day of *May* is appointed for the ROYAL BLOOD to be Poisoned; *and further said,* Be not afraid, for I am sent to tell thee: *And so vanished.*

II. *That on* Tuesday, *Jan. the 25th. between the hours of Five and Six at Night, she going to her Mothers house, coming within five or six Pole of her door, the same Apparition appeared to her again in White, and vailed as before, and said* Do you remember what I said? *And she answered,* Yes. *And she further said* In the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, What art thou? *And immediately it appeared in a very Glorious Shape, and with a more harsh Voice said,* Tell King *Charles* from me, and bid him not remove his Parliament, and stand to his Council; *and said* Do as I bid you. *To which she answered,* Yes, *and so vanished.*

III. *That on* Jan. *the* 26th. *between the said hours of five and six in the Evening, she sitting by the Fire, and her Mother sitting by her, the same Apparition came again to her, whereat she could not speak; and her Mother perceiving her to be troubled, and fixing her eyes, said,* Daughter, Seest thou any thing? *And she, not able to speak, Nodded with her Head and Hand; whereat her Mother said,* Shall I go out? *And thereupon she being enabled to speak, the Apparition Nodded to her, she said,* Yes; *whereat her Mother going out, the Apparition said* Do your Message. *And she answered,* I will, so soon as God shall enable me; *And it said,* Be not afraid, *and so vanished: And then she cried,* Mother, Mother; *and then her Mother and some other Friends came in.*

IV. *The said Apparition appear'd to the said Maid on* Thursday *in the evening, between the aforesaid hours of five and six, she being at a Neighbours House, but said nothing to her.*

This was taken from the Maids own mouth, by me *Rich. Wilkinson*, Schoolmaster in the said Town of *Hatfield*.

A True Relation of a strange Apparition which appear'd to the Lady Gr. *Commanding her to deliver a Message to His Grace the D. of* M.

After the Powerful Rhetorick of that Noble Peer of the Realm (the Earl of *E.* at his delivery of the Petition of 15 more as Noble Peers as Himself) had fail'd of its design'd Success; what could we hope for, or expect that would prevail upon His Majesty to alter his Resolution of Convening his Parliament at *Oxford*? Surely no Humane Person would be thought forcible enough, and an Heavenly must be imploy'd

ploy'd, if the busines cannot be done by the Earl of *E.* Accordingly we have heard of a *True and perfect Relation from* Bishops Hatfield, (attested by one of his Majesties Chaplains in Ordinary, (*Dr. Lee*) so famous for his constancy to the Church of *England*,) *of a strange and Wonderful Apparition which appear'd to one Young Mrs.* Freeman: And her Message to his Sacred Majesty, is well enough known, not only by a single Printed paper of the whole matter of Fact; but also, (that no person should have Impudence to doubt the Truth of it,) by *Ben. Harris* himself in his *Protestant Intelligence*; There we are told how the Maiden of *One and thirty, sitting with her Child in her Lap by the Fire, saw an Appearance of a Woman (as she conceiv'd) cover'd with a white Veil, so that she saw no Face, but a very white Hand was laid on the back of her Chair, and said unto her, &c.* which though it be very wonderful, yet his Speech of the *White Hand* is equall'd (if not excell'd in strangeness,) by an Apparition which appear'd to the Lady *Gr.*) supposed to be the same that was seen at *Hatfield*;) of which I shall give you a True and perfect Relation, according to her own Deposition before Justice *Warc.* Sir *W. W. Mr. Baxter*, and *Mr. Charlton*, who stampt with his woodden Leg, and swore *Damn him he believ'd it.*

Her Ladiship gives an Account.

I. THat on *Saturday January 29. 1660.* being alone in her Closet about the hour of Nine at night, she heard a Voice behind her, which mildly said *Sweet Heart*; At which she was not at first at all frightned, supposing it to have been, an Apparition which (she says) has often of late appear'd to her (in the absence of her Lord) in the shape of a bright *Star* and *Blew Garter*, but without hurting or so much as frightning her; but she was strangely amazed, when turning about, she beheld an Appearance very different from what she expected; It was a Spirit all in White, so Veil'd from Top to Toe, that nothing appear'd to her but one side of a Cheek, where the Veil was put by; and this side of the Cheek, said thus unto her: *The 15th. day of* May *is appointed for the Royal Blood to be Poisoned*; And further said, *Be not afraid, for I am sent to tell thee, that* James *D. of M. hath none of it in him*; seeming by this addition to have fill'd up teh Sentence that it had left imperfect to the *Maid of Hatfield*; and so vanished.

I. That on *Sunday, Jan.* 30. between the hours of 7 and 8, it again appeared to her in the same manner; and said, *Do you remember what I said?* And she Answer'd, *Yes*, Then the Spirit said, *Do you believe it?* And she Answer'd, *Yes.* Then the Apparition said; *And have you told him?* And she Answered, *No*, then immediately it appear'd in a more terrible shape, and with a more harsh Voice, said; *Tell it*, James *D. of M. from me, and bid him not go to* Wapping; And then it vanisht through the Key-hole.

III. That on *Jan.* 31. (being the day kept in remembrance of the late Kings Martyrdom) about the hour of 3 in the afternoon, it again appear'd, and askt her, *Have you fasted to day?* And she answer'd, *No.* The Spirit said, *'Tis well*, and so Vanisht.

IV. That on *Feb.* 1. about the hour of 11. at night it appear'd again, and said to her; *Tell* James *D.* of M. But she interrupted the Spirit, and said, *He is here, don't you see him? tell him your self? we are all alone.* The Spirit thought it uncivil to be interrupted, and took Pett and vanisht.

V. That on *Feb.* 2. about 2 of the Clock Afternoon, she heard the same Spirit, but suppos'd that its being affronted the last time, occasion'd its not appearing again; But it talkt invisibly to her a great while, making several stops and pauses; and then beginning again very incoherently: The Words (its said her Ladiships says) she writ down, which are these (*viz.*) *Bid* James *D. of M. go to the Tower, and venture the* Lyons, *old* Charles *won't now hurt him. Tell him he has discovered the weakness of his Party, in Petitioning with but 15. after him. He has more Followers I am sure, and as good company attend him to* Hedg-lane *from a City* Club, *or a Treat at* Wapping. *Bid all the Lords you know have a care of Petitioning, unless they are disoblig'd persons. Tell my Lord* St. *his Wife keeps her Bed. Bid* Sh. *have a care of his Spiggot; for if he is Tapt all the* Plot *will run out. The* Blazing Star *will again appear, the* 21th. *of* March. *Destruction is near, if Settlement does not come. And if we have not* Peace, *we shall be in danger of War. I am the* Hatfield *Spirit, and return to haunting the House of my Landlord the E. of* Sal. This said, it vanisht, and was never heard of more.

FINIS.

Tom Ross's Ghost to his Pupil the *D. of M.*

SHame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
Base as thy Mothers Prostituted Womb;
Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to credulous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave.
Like SAMUEL at the Necromantick Call,
I rise to tell Thee, God hath left thee, *SAUL?*
I strive in vain the Infected Blood *to cure,*
Streams will run muddy where the Spring's Impure.
In all your Meritorious Life we see
Old TAAFS *invincible Sobriety.*
Places of Master of the Horse *and* Spy,
You (like Tom Howard) *did at one supply:*
From SIDNEYS Blood, your Loyalty did spring;
You shew us all your Fathers but the KING,
From whose too tender and too bounteous arms,
(Unhappy He who such a Viper Warms
As Dutiful a Subject as a Son)
To your true Parents the whole Town you run.
Read if you can, how th'old Apostate fell,
Out-do his Pride, and Merit more than Hell:
Both he and you were gloriously bright,
The first and purest of the Sons of Light:
But when like Him you offred at the Crown
Like Him your angry Father kickt you down.

The *Oxford* Aldermans Speech to his Grace the *D.* of *M.* at his Entrance into that City about *Sept.* 1680.

STout Hannibal, *before He came to Age,*
Perpetual Wars with Rome *was forc'd to Wage!*
YOU lead Us to such Wars; O Happy We!
Great Prince! YOU are a Soldier good as He:
Though some will say (to give the Devil his due,)
HE was as good a Protestant as YOU.
YOU to that Whore of Whores, the Whore of Rome,
Devoted from your own fair Mothers Womb;
Though in the Schools of Jesuits *true bred,*
YOU scorn'd to learn of Them to Write or Read.
A Protestant! (*the more to be Admir'd,*)
That never were Instructed, but Inspir'd.)
So unconcern'd from Popery You pass,
No Use of Understanding in the Case.
True Interest (*that all other thing, o'repowers*),
And Generous Indignation made YOU Ours.
Even so in Spain *to* Mass *come Trading* Jews,
Cast Drabs turn Quakers *but to spite the* Stews.
But Fears *and* Jealousies *YOU We scorn,*
That are so true a Son of Honour Born;
And since have made both Gog *and* Magog *bleed,*
Act but the Demagogue, You'l do the Deed:
You'l Dam *and* Ram *proud* Antichrist *to Hell;*
But for him first to Work One Miracle.
He that with Four hard Words and One Grave Nod,
Turns an Insipid Wafer *into* God;
Were YOU a Dough-bak'd Duke, *with less ado,*
To Prince of Wales *might Transubstantiate YOU.*
Do YOU but say't, We'll Swear that You are so,
And rather Kiss Your Hand, *than Kiss his* Toe:
Resolv'd, Resolv'd. *It must not be gainsaid;*
Faith We'll believe Your Mother was a Maid.
Why should You think Ambition *any Crime?*
We'll make You Duke of Venice *in good time:*
Or, if YOU scruple to Usurp the Crown;
Having once Rais'd US, YOU may then sit down.
YOU, or Your Friends shall have the foremost Place;
Perhaps We'll joyn Sir A---it---g *with Your* Grace:
Whether YOU Reign, or HE, it's all One,
Great Alexander's *Dear* Hephestion. *But*

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But When YOU come to Reap these Goodly Fruits,
Sweet Sir, Remember These Our Humble Suits.
First, Let these Lordly *Bishops* go to Pot;
'Tis plain their Lordships all are in the PLOT,
They hold none lawful Heirs, but lawfully begot,
Our *Common-Wealth's* a Castle in the Air,
If we pray for *KING* in *Common-Prayer.*
These paltry Schollars, blast Them with one breath,
Or They'l Rhime your *Grace* and *We* to Death.
Then O Brave We! then Hei for our good Town!
Then up go WE when Wit and Sense go down.

The GHOST of the Late PARLIAMENT, to the New one to Meet at Oxford.

FRom Deepest Dungeon of Eternal Night,
The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains and Spight.
I have been sent to tell Your Tender Youth
A Seasonable and Important Truth!
I feel, (but Oh too late,) that no Disease,
Is like the Surfeit of Luxurious Ease;
And of all other, the most tempting Things.
Are too much Wealth, and too Indulgent Kings.
None ever was Suparlatively Ill,
But by Degrees, Industry and Skill:
And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair;
Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by despair.
My Time is past, and Yours will soon begin,
Keep your First Blossoms from the blast of *Sin*;
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous Ways,
Preserve Your selves, and bring *Serener Days.*
The busy subtil *Serpents of the Law,*
Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw,
While I did Limits to the *KING* Prescribe,
And took for *Oracles* that *Canting Tribe*;
I chang'd True Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew *Seditious* for Variety.
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And, by the Laws Illegally Abus'd.
The Robe was summon'd *M-----d* in the Head,
In Legal Murder, none so deeply read:
I brought him to the Bar, where once He stood;
Stain'd with the (yet Un-expiated) Blood
Of the brave *Strafford*, when Three Kingdoms rung
With his Accumulative Hackney Tongue.
Prisoners and Witnesses were waiting by,
These had been taught to *Swear* and those to *Dy*;
And to expect their *Arbitrary Fates,*
Some for *Ill Faces*, some for *Good Estates*:
To fright the People and Alarm the Town,
B. and O. Imploy'd the Reverend Gown:
But while the *Tripple Mitre* bore the Blame,
The Kings *Three Crowns* were all their Aim.
I seem'd, (and did but seem) to fear the *Guards,*
And took for mine the *B.* and the *Wa---s,*
Anti-monartick Heriticks of *State,*
Immoral Atheists, Rich and Reprobate-
But above all, *I* got a little Guide,
Who every Foard of Villany had Try'd;
None knew so well the Old Pernicious way,
To Ruin Subjects and make KINGS Obey;
And my small *Jehu* at a furious Rate,
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty Eight.*
This the King knew, and was Resolv'd to bear;
But I mistook his *Patience* for his *Fear.*
All that this *Happy Island* could afford,
Was Sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Baord.
In his whole Paradice One only Tree
He had Excepted by a strict Decree;
A *Sacred Tree* which *Royal Fruit* did bear,
Yet It in pieces I Conspir'd to Tear;
Beware my Child, *Divinity* is there.
This so Out-did all I had done before,
I could Attempt, and He endure no more.
My Un prepar'd and Un-repenting Breath,
Was snatcht away by the swift Hand of Death;
And I (with all my Sins about me) hurl'd,
To th'utter Darkness of the Lower World:
A Dreadful Place, where You too soon shall see.
If you believe *Seducers* more than Me.

FINIS.

A Canto *upon the Miraculous Cure of the* Kings-Evil, *performed by his Grace the* D. *of* M.

AS Popish Farriers us'd to Pray.
In their own Trade the good St. *Loy,*
The Saint to whom they have Recourse,
As to *Heavens Master of the Horse.*
To him they loudly cry for *Mercy,*
On *Ragged Colts that have the Farcy.*
For *Hacknys Gall'd to Him they Pray,*
And Drink dead Drunk upon his Day.
So to his Grace of *Monm.* Trots,
A Filly Fole that had the Lots.
For still she knew, (and twas no News,)
He keeps the *Mares* though not the Mews.
But had you seen the *Skittish Jade,*
You would have thought her *Drunk or Mad.*
For at first dash *His Hand she Seiz'd,*
Much was the *th' Ambitious* Heroe *pleas'd.*
So sweetly did *Don Quixot* Grin;
When the *Maid Marrian of the Inn,*
He thought was some *Enchatned Queen.*
Askt his *Dead doing Hand to Kiss,*
Bnt wat *white Devil Danc't in this?*
Some *Fly*, some *Rat*, or *great Old Pus,*
Or *Spirit Mephostuphilus*:
Or *Pug*, that *Paracelsus* wore
In *th'Pumel of his Sword before*;
Or *Healing Vertue*, That as rare is,
Is sent *His Grace by's Aunt of* Fairyes.
Who Aids him thus in *Hugger mugger,*
So did *Doll Common Abel Drugger.*
Some *sweaty Devil in his Palm,*
Transfuses *Brine instead of Balm.*
And *Brine* yon know *is good for th' Itch,*
In any *Mangy Dog or Bitch*:
Long in his Fist the *Leprous Drab,*
Paddles and pores *familiar Scab.*
The Witch her Dam had set her Fancy,
A gog upon this *Chyromancy*;
To view each Line *the Hag Importunes.*
And thus *Young Gipsie reads his Fortunes.*
The Men of Westminster *shall pass,*
High Votes in Honour of your Grace;
No Prayers for fear of the Black Rod,
They'l Vote (*I fear*) No King, No God.
Goe at stickling there shall be for two,
Pillory'd Benjamin *and* you.
What will you give me this next Spring,
If then You are not Crown'd a King,
By Oates *before we reap next Crop,*
Oats *in a Tub will preach you up.*
So Sybil ended her vile Guessing,
And each to other gave their Blessing.
But O the *Green-sick Girls* may Boast,
This Duke hath Cur'd them to his Cost.
Though now he cuts his Capers high,
He may with *Falstaff* one day cry,
(When Age hath set him in the *Stocks,*)
A Pox on my Gout, a Gout on my Pox.
Yet that Fat Knight with all his Guts,
That were not then so sweet as Nuts,
Tho oft He boldly fought and winkt,
Led *Harry Monmouth* by Instinct;
Reveres a Buckram Prince of *Wales,*
His Great Heart quops, his Courage quails.
The *Lyon Rampant* is too wise,
to touch a *Prince*, though in Disguise:
Much less a *Prince*, so Kind and Civil,
To Touch a *Kingdom* for *Kings-Evil.*
He means to make it (for its Health,)
A Common Whore, a Common-Wealth.
The stroaker *Graitrix* was a Sot,
And all his Feat-Tricks are forgot;
But *Duke Trinculo*, and *Tom Dory,*
Will be a Famous Quack in *Story.*
Let every *Scabby City Cuckow,*
Fly into Your *Hedge-lane* to look You,
If *Seven Sons* do Things so Rare,
In You *Seven-fathers* have a share.
Shew us some more of these fine Mocks,
Shew your *Black Art*, shew your *Black Box.*
'Tis thought you've there some pure Receipt..
Great *Mountebank* of our sick State.
Your *Zany*, who this Cure reveals,
Tells us in *March* your Highness heals.

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